



The Sticky Note Rebellion



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Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

It started imperceptibly. So much so, I couldn't say when. Sticky notes are an everyday sight around a college campus. Who's going to notice a few more?

But after a while, it was more than "a few more." It was noticeably more. Increasingly, they were everywhere. Posted in hallways, on bulletin boards, windows, stair risers -- the campus was gradually being covered in yellow.

And, of course, what was written on them. Different things, different pens and handwriting. Nothing obvious to tie them together. Sometimes a convincing-sounding "note to self" like anyone might write. "Don't forget to buy eggs." Sometimes a bit of nonsense: "hearken and be heard," or other such dross. But for some reason, no matter what was written, they all gave me the same uneasy feeling.

Over time, the messages started to turn... dark.

Chapter 2 by Lance Felix



Right away, some of them were about murder and zombies and Exorcist quotes, but hey, it's college, it would be more surprising if everyone was all "buy milk" and "dentist appt. tuesday". It was actually kind of cool, glancing at some on my way from class every now and again, and I guess it was an icebreaker too.

It only started creeped me out a few weeks in when my name started appearing. Just the word

"CAREEN" My name. I didn't even notice the first one just walked right past it. Then it registered that none of the notes had ever had my name on them before.

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The next day there were more. I didn't notice the first one just walked right past it. Then it registered that none of the notes had ever had my name on them before. Here, it got so bad campus security was determined to get rid of them. Threat of disciplinary

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action... Yeah, you could barely see any surface beneath them, just shapes. And most of them just said my name. My full name this time.

I stopped looking around then. Whenever I had to go somewhere, and I avoided it, I was just looking at my feet, hoping a gust of wind wouldn't send a yellow sharpie CAREN J. SOU my way.

I didn't think it could, but it got worse.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



CAREN J. SOU
719-336-1870

My heart skipped a beat when I saw my phone number beginning to appear. Okay, it was easy enough to get a hold of. If you knew my name, you could find my number in the campus phone directory. But it was eerie. It was creepy. And then:

CAREN J. SOU
Apt 203
7 Dixon Place
N. Main Street

Again, this could be found in the directory. But then:

CAREN J. SOU
5 ft. 5.5 inches tall
35 inch bust
22 inch waist

This one sent me to the campus security office directly, and they had about as much humor about the whole thing as me. It was a Thursday evening, and they told me they would get back to me by end of weekend.

CAREN J. SOU
1995-2015
RIP

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It was Friday evening, and I was walking back from the cafeteria after dinner. The chill of an autumn evening coming on combined with this post-it note pushed me over the edge. I couldn't stay at home alone tonight.

Chapter 4 by Ian



I called Martha. She's my oldest friend and I knew she would have a place for me to stay. Martha had decided against college and was starting to make a name for herself as a graphic artist. She only lived a half an hour away and, just as I'd hoped, when I called and said I was scared, she told me to come over right away without asking any questions.

She didn't ask any questions, just fed me, gave me wine and waited until I was ready to talk. Sure enough, as I curled up on the big old Chesterfield with a big glass of Pinot and a full belly, I knew it was time to tell the story. I started slowly laying out the facts of the situation, but pretty soon I knew I was gabbling and the story ended up in a mess of tears, snot and great gasping sobs.

Martha got up and sat next to me, pulling me close and stroking my hair, waiting for the storm of emotion to subside. I was feeling safe for the first time in weeks.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Martha poured another half glass of white wine and put it in my hand.

"You see," she said, "this is part of the reason why I chose against college. God. I mean. It's just so full of this kind of shit. Men..."

I sipped. "It's not that it's MEN. I mean... yeah, chances are it's some guy. Some sick... guy I met in an intro course first semester. I've been... I've been thinking back trying to remember anyone. Anyone who... anyone who was... creepy. Creepy. Creepy guys... I dunno."

I downed the glass and leaned back in the leather couch and sighed. Martha took the empty glass from my hand, looked at it, and placed it down on the coffee table that was strewn with design mags

"Look, Caren. Just forget about it. I have a warm bed ready. I'll warm some milk."

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"Ugh. Milk. No, no, I'm alright. I just..."

I felt my head roll to one side.

"I... luhm. Urmmm."

"Are you okay, Caren? Honey. Here."

Martha came to me at the Chesterfield and knelt down beside me. I tried to respond, but my tongue was thick and my speech came out like oatmeal. My head was swimming and I couldn't feel my feet.

"Caren. You're suffering from anxiety. Let me help you to my spare bedroom."

She helped me up and helped me stumble out and down the darkened hallway to a lit room at the end. I flopped down on a made bed and breathed in heaving breaths as I stared up at the ceiling.

"Ma... Ma. Mar," I wheezed.

"Honey, it's okay. Don't speak. Just lie there. There's someone I want you to meet."

I could feel the blood pounding against my temples. My tongue rested under my top teeth. I tried to flutter my fingers but there was nothing beyond my shoulders.

And then I heard the sound of heavy boots in the hallway. No longer Martha's footsteps. Slow and lumbering. And the smell of a cigarette. No... a cigar. Faint, but growing. I could feel my heart race. The feet stopped at the door to the room but I could not see their owner.

A deep breath; a puff. And then a stronger smell of cigar. The feet entered the room and a figure stood above me now.

"Caren J. Sou."

I recognized this face. I knew who it was in an instant.

Chapter 6 by Jeff H. Parks

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It was the face of death

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"Caren J. Sou. You were supposed to die last year."

He spoke, with a deep bass behind his thinly masked face.

"I'm here to take you away. I trust you have gotten my message."

I started struggling to breathe. He was choking me.

"It's time you died, Caren. Goodbye."

I couldn't find the strength to scream.

Chapter 7 by Brandy



My vision blurred and black spots danced around the edges. Blood pounded in my temples and my limbs felt like lead weights. My lungs ached for air. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't make it stop. With the last vestiges of sight I possessed, I watched the bored expression on death's face as he strangled the life out of my body.

His cigar hung carelessly from the side of his mouth.

I wished with all my remaining strength that it would just stop.

My vision faded.

And as quickly as it started, everything stopped. Being dead hurt a lot more than I expected. Not that I'd thought that much about the mechanics of it or anything, but everyone wonders sometimes.

I coughed and was able to lift one trembling arm to brush away the tears streaming from my eyes. I looked up and blinked a few times into the light. But it wasn't heaven or even hell, the light was a lamp in Martha's spare room.

In front of me stood the slightly hunched figure of Death. The cigar had fallen from his slackened mouth and was leaving a scorch mark on the carpet. Death stared at his hands in

confusion and betrayal.

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He shook out his hands, and glanced at his talons, and then to my burning neck a few times.

Then His black eyes met mine.

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Chapter 8 by Brock Thomas



Despite my anger and obvious suspicion, fear, and shock at just having been nearly strangled to death BY Death, I could not help my curiosity.

"Well, what happened then? Shouldn't you be able to kill anybody you want?" I inquired, rubbing my neck.

"Yes, that's the idea," Death said, embarrassed. "I'm sorry, by the way, that you survived to feel the pain of that choking."

I laughed. Despite his being Death and all, he was kind of a gentleman.

"It's fine, I know you didn't know this would happen."

"Okay," Death said, then he seemed lighten up a bit. "Hey, want to grab a drink sometime?"

I gasped. I was about to say no, but then I noticed that Death was looked about my age, and he was very attractive.

"Um, sure," I said, blushing. "Tomorrow at, like, 2 PM maybe?"

Death smiled. "Works for me."

And that's the story of how I met your father, Annabelle.

the end

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